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by Liliana Dragonshard

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Summary: Raised on Outcast island and horridly mistreated by Alvin, Embla runs away and never looks back. Only at ease with the dragons, and very distrusting of humans, Hiccup and the others start to wonder about her past. But as she spends more time on Berk, memories keep surfacing, telling her that she may be closer to home than she thought. (full sum inside, rewrite of 'Oceana Furiozo')

1. Outcast

****Full Summary****

Ava is a Viking girl, with magical powers and abilities. Raised on Outcast island and greatly mistreated by Alvin, she runs away and never looks back. She ends up on Berk with her sister, but is very skittish. Only at ease when dragons are present, and very distrusting of humans, Hiccup and the others start wondering about her past.

But as she spends more time on Berk, memories keep surfacing, telling her that she may be closer to family than she originally thought.

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><p>Author's Note

****I don't own HTTYD****

****Okay, this is a rewrite of 'Oceana Furiozo'. I hope you like this. Same basic idea of the original, but more details, not so fast at times. The original was just, well, going way to fast for my liking. To many changes, way to quickly, no time to adjust to each one. ****

****Be warned, if you haven't seen the second movie, well, this is a spoiler. You'll see why. MYSTERY, AHOY!? Yup. ;-D****

Not sure of the exact timeline, but somewhere in the first or second series is where it starts, sometime after Stoick got Thornado, his Thunderdrum. Enjoy. :-)

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><p>Chapter 1: Outcast

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><p>Narrator's (POV)<p>

The moon was just climbing out of the sea. Dragons were beginning to stir, stretching their wings and swinging their tails around in anticipation. It was time to go hunt. And hunt they did, raiding Outcast island. They dived, grabbed, slashed, and flamed anything and everything. Alvin, the Treacherous, led his men in fighting off the flying reptiles.

On the sidelines, peeking out from behind a small boulder, crouched a girl. She looked no older than 12, she was so small. She wore black pants, a black long sleeved shirt, and her boots were stained black. She had black hair with brown tips, done in a low braid and emerald eyes. The left sleeve of her shirt was cut, just above the elbow. Burned on her arm was the word '_OUTCAST_'.

She held a small dagger and large shield. The shield was also black, the metal smeared with ashes. She crouched there, watching the barrage of dragons versus Outcasts with wide eyes. The dragons were giving them a beating. Alvin soon spotted the girl, anger spreading across his face.

"Ava! Get over here, you little troll!" he shouts. She flinches slightly before obeying, slinking over. He grabbed her by the arm, gripping her tightly. He shoves into the thick of the fighting. She dodges and leaps, ducks and rolls. She makes her way to the other side. She slashes one unfortunate Outcast before a huge orange Nightmare finishes it.

A quick nod to each other, and they were off again. And so it continued. Whenever an Outcast killed a dragon, she ran forward and wounded him, while another dragon flew down and sent him to the next world. By the time the dragons had fled, many Outcasts and dragons lay dead, spread out across the rocks. Alvin caught sight of Ava pulling her dagger out of a dead Monstrous Nightmare.

He marches up to her, reflecting on her progress. She'd done well, getting better over the years. She could take out Nightmares, some of the most difficult dragons out there. The girl would get a full meal tonight. Maybe. She looked up, a scowl and a glare set over her features. Clapping a hand to her back, he began forcing her away from the carnage, 'leading' her back to the stone buildings.

"You did a fine job today, Ava. You may yet earn the name Treacherous. Tonight, you get meat and bread." he proclaimed. She gave a nod, but her expression did not change as he brought her inside. She slipped her blood-stained dagger onto her belt, and held onto her shield. They walked through the town-if you could call it that- until they made it to the training arena.

Walking to the middle of the floor, Ava stood by the weapons rack, waiting. Savage, Alvin's right-hand man, emerged from the other side of the arena. He drew his sword, which sounded like a screech in the stillness. Alvin drew his sword, too. She looked from one to the other. She let her gaze rest on Savage a few moments longer than before, and Alvin charged!

As he swung his sword, Ava brought her dagger up to block it. Savage came running up, and she blocked his sword with her shield. Both men began to push inwards, trying to force her back. Letting them push her back an inch, she suddenly pushed outwards with all her strength, before doing a swift backwards roll and springing to her feet again.

By pushing both swords out before dodging back, they ended up clanging together as the 2 men tried to bring them back. She grabbed a dagger from the rack, before hurling it at Savage. Expecting it to be aimed at his heart, he attempted to dodge. The dagger hit his sword just above the hilt, knocking it from his grasp. He stumbled back and fell down.

Throwing a second dagger, it went through the cloth of his sleeve and into the ground, effectively pinning him. She turned towards Alvin as he advanced, swinging his sword. She blocked with her dagger, still stained with blood. They dodged and blocked, neither getting in a hit. Finally, she blocked with her shield and struck with her dagger.

Her hit carved a long, narrow, bloody line across Alvin's left cheek. He yelled, backing away, feeling the cut, which would surely become a scar. She watched with a mild curiosity it seemed, dagger and shield stilled raised. He glared back at her, murder in his eyes. He walked over and grabbed her by the arm, lifting her into the air. It was the arm holding the dagger, so she could not swing.

"It's time you learned a lesson, _daughter_." The way he said suggested that she was anything but. Wrenching the dagger free from her hand, he slipped it onto his belt. Savage had, by this time, wrenched himself free of the other dagger, and turned to receive his orders. Alvin thrust Ava at him, and he grabbed her arms. She grinned up at him like a shark.

Dragging her outside, they went far off from the 'village'. Taking her dagger, Alvin stepped up and slashed her in the leg, leaving the blade in her flesh. Walking off, he called over his shoulder,

"Let's see how you get out of this one." he stalks off, Savage following close behind. As soon as they are out of sight, Ava gently eases the blade from her right leg, then uses it to cut off her sleeves. Quickly, she forms a bandage over her wound, wincing at the pain. Moving slowly, she begins to work her way back to the 'village'.

'It's not a village, it's a war preparation compound,' she thinks to herself, _'with barracks, a training arena, weapons hold, food storage. . .we even have freaking dragons to train with!_' she keeps fuming about the compound, and Alvin in general, even as she strains against a large rock. After shoving it outside, she crawls into the hole that's revealed.

After working her way through the dark tunnel, feeling carved runes in the rocks at each fork. she worked her way right under her bedroom. Coming out from under her bed, she made sure that the door was shut. Standing, she latched the door. Pulling out a black bag, she went around the room and gathered all of her things.

A small journal, a jar full of black ashes, a long sleeved black shirt with both sleeves, and a thick fur vest. Putting on the long sleeved black shirt, she took the ashes and rubbed them into any visible trace of skin, her hair, her clothes, her bag.

After stowing everything else into her bag, she watched as rain began to lightly fall out side her window. The moon still shone down, surrounded by a small fistful of stars, before being completely hidden by the clouds. Putting on the bag, she unlatched the door and slunk into the tunnels again. She went further into the compound, before surfacing in the food storage warehouse.

The tunnel entrance was at the very back, hidden from view by several heavy barrels. Moving quickly and silently, she grabs 2 loaves of bread and several large strips of dried fish. Returning to the tunnel, Ava picked up the pace. If she could have stood up straight, she would have ran the whole way. She soon reaches the exit.

Emerging from the tunnel like a Whispering Death, she pushes the stone back over the tunnel entrance. Then she hurried towards the part of the island closest to the sea stacks.

She was out of earshot of any other humans. Crouching, she shifted another heavy stone, and pulled out the small box in the hole beneath it. Opening it, she pulled out two necklaces. One was a wire-wrapped rose quartz heart on a red cord. The second was a jade circle, with a small hole in the center, where some black cord tied through it.

She put both of them on, closing her eyes at the memories that came with them. She finally filled in the hole and moved the rock back on it. Running to the sea stacks, she let out a cry similar to a Deadly Nadder's. A blue Nadder with white wings circled down before her. It nuzzled her and offered her back. Ava climbed on, getting a good grip before the Nadder flew to a nearby sea stack.

Once atop it, the girl slid off and patted the dragons' nose. The Nadder nuzzled her, coaxing a smile out of the girl. With a sigh, she sat down, the Nadder laying beside her.

"I came to say goodbye, Cloudwing. I'm leaving this place and don't plan on coming back." she finally said. The Nadder, Cloudwing, squawked and whined. The girl grinned and rubbed her nose.

"Oh, so you want to come with me?" the dragon growled playfully before nodding.

"Very well, if you must. Ready?" Cloudwing growled a little more before offering her back to the girl.

"My name? My name is not Ava, it never was and it never will be. I'll come with something as we get moving." the girl answered.

"I haven't stretched my wings in ages. To much training, to many

raids. And I know that if I fall, you will catch me." the Nadder rumbled, causing the girl to grin again.

"We're sisters, of course we're going to protect eachother. I can free you from traps, and you can fly me from other dangers. Come on, let's fly." she adjusts the strap of her bag, before racing for the edge of the stack and leaping off, closely followed by her scaly companion. Closing her eyes, the girl pictured herself long, dark, and scaly, with strong wings and a long tail.

And she became a Night Fury, her clothes and bag becoming a leather saddle and saddle bag. She soared through the night sky, her Nadder sister right beside her, their backs to the setting moon.

"I've thought of my name. Embla Drako." the Night Fury girl rumbled. The Nadder glanced at her, then to the golden star on her head, how it glowed in the moonlight, as did the golden scales edging her wings. The Nadder rumbled back. Oceana looked at her friend.

"Starburst, huh? I like that. I am Starburst, a Night Fury who soars through the stars, while my sister leaps from cloud to cloud." she exclaims. Cloudwing squawks and purrs. They both laugh before continuing their journey, searching for a new home, starting a new life. Oceana starts up a song. After a pause, she starts again, her sister singing with her, as they flew towards the rising sun.

* * *

><p>Okay, that's it for chapter 1. I hope you enjoyed, and will be waiting in anticipation for the next chapter, which should be published soon. Please leave a suggestion for a song, as the best one will be posted in the next chapter.

~Signed~

~Oceana~

2. Welcome to Berk

Author's Note

I don't own HTTYD, only my OC

Hello, here's chapter 2. I wrote the following song myself. Ask before using it. P.S. **I wanted the girl to have a different name, so I changed it in the last chapter as well. You'll see why sometime soon. I think. ****Enjoy. :-)**

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: Welcome to Berk

* * *

><p>Starburst (POV)<p>

I started singing. When I finished the song, all was quiet, except

the lapping of the waves. I sang the song again, but this time,
Cloudwing joined me.

_ "I am strong, _
_ as the wildest wind, _
_ I am fast, _
_ like the Shadow-wing I am, _
_ searching, hoping, dreaming of a new life. _
_ / _

_ You can shoot me down and watch me bleed, _
_ but you can't keep no iron on me! _
_ Because I'm free, _
_ Oh yeah, I was born free! _
_ Free, to do what I wish, _
_ Free to travel and to see the world. _
_ / _

_ So many things, so many dragons _
_ So I'll pack my bags an' _
_ Take off into the night, _
_ If you try to stop me there'll be a fight! _
_ / _

_ Because I'm free, _
_ oh yeah, I was born free! _
_ Free, to do what I wish, _
_ Free to travel and to see the world. _
_ / _

_ As the rain pours down outside, _
_ I'm safe and snug in my cave, _
_ I'll never again have to hide, _
_ I got the skills, and I'm brave. _
_ / _

_ I dream of a somewhere far away, _

I hope to find it one day,
I search until I do,
And when the day is through,
we'll be safe together,
me and you."

By the time we had finished, the sun had risen fully, and the moon had disappeared. The song represented us, and what I hope our life will become. No more humans messing up everything, living with the dragons, traveling, seeing the world. And maybe, just maybe, I can find my mother again.

I couldn't help but feel as if I heard the last few lines elsewhere, they gave off a sense of journeys and adventure, yet safety and kindness too.

We flew side by side as the sun worked its way up the horizon. Outcast island was out of sight in less than an hour. Soon, it was nothing but open ocean as far as the eye could see. Nothing to land on, nothing to rest on. I began to get nervous. We'd never flown so far out to sea. I gave my head a quick shake. Not the time to think of that. Not the time.

We paused long enough to catch ourselves a few fish, before continuing. We had no idea where we were going, only what we had left behind. It made me wish that I'd dug a tunnel to the map room. Oh yeah, there wasn't one.

The sun was just beginning to set behind us, when we spotted an island roughly a sky-length in front and a little to the left of us. It wasn't black and burnt like Outcast island. Rather, it was lush and green and bursting with life. Even the gray, rocky cliffs were a welcome sight. Darkness was claiming land and sea, as we circled around the island. At the west end was a village.

The rest of it seemed to be wilderness, aside from a few farms and pastures to the north of the village. I dived at the sheep a few times, herding them in different places around the fenced pastures. Soon, Cloudwing called and the fun was over.

We circled the village several times, trying to see if it would be a threat. There were houses, docks, and large buildings, which I assume are for food and weapon storage. Nothing particularly threatening. We found a nice little cove south of the village. It didn't look like anyone went there, and it had a small lake in it.

We finally decided to rest there for the night. A storm had been brewing in the south. It would do no good to fly out into the middle of it. There are some small fish in the lake, and the west end of the cove was a couple of tail-lengths away from the ocean cliffs that surround the island. I swapped back to human; old habits remain longer than old scents.

Cloudwing wrapped me in her wings, and we slept away the night.

* * *

><p>Hiccup (POV)<p>

I was flying over the island with the other riders. There had been reports by quite a few villagers and sheep herders that a Nadder and a mysterious dragon, possibly a Night Fury, had been disturbing the sheep. The villagers saw the 2 dragons circling the village. We had split up, Astrid with the twins, Fishlegs with Snotlout, and I went solo.

We were approaching the cove when we heard the scream. As we flew overhead, we could see a Deadly Nadder below. The Nadder was on it's side, it's unusual white wings wrapped around something. It's head popped up as we landed. It growled a warning but didn't move. I tried to approach but it snarled again.

It suddenly leapt to it's feet, standing over a person. At least, I thought it was a person. It looked like a bundle of grungy black clothing. Until a head popped up. It's back was to us, but she suddenly turned. Her eyes widened and she scrambled to her feet. Instead of running towards us or away from the Nadder, she roared and leapt on the Nadder's back.

Her clothes were black, with scuffed up boots smeared with what appeared to be ashes. Her hair was about shoulder length, black with brown tips. There was a bag on her side and a shield on her back. At least, I thought it was a shield. Her clothes, her bag, the shield, her skin, it all seemed rubbed with black ashes. Her eyes were ocean green. Her right leg seemed to be wrapped in cloth, and a trace of red was visible. She was small; I judged her to be about 12. I took all this in in a few seconds; she was still perched on the Nadder.

"It's okay, I won't hurt you." I called soothingly, after telling Toothless to stay put. "I only want to help." she frowned and snarled. When I started to approach, both she and the Nadder hissed. I backed away slowly, her eyes never leaving mine. I felt like she was trying to destroy me with her eyes. The phrase 'if looks could kill' came to mind.

"Please, I can help you. Your hurt. There's a healer back in the village. If you would come with me, I can help you heal." she whined and growled deep in her throat.

"Can you even talk?" I mutter sarcastically. With a hiss, she leapt from the Nadders back, drawing a blood-stained dagger. Her ocean-green eyes held many emotions, too many to sort out. I stepped towards her, raising my hands up to show how defenseless I was. She paused, uncertainty on her face. Then she caught sight of the small knife I had on my belt.

How she did, I'm not sure, but she motioned towards it. I carefully pulled it from belt and dropped it at arms length away. She snarled and kicked, gesturing for me to do the same. I kicked as well, and the knife slid over to her. Picking it up, she let her gaze slip from mine. She examined it carefully, twisting and tugging at spots. Satisfied, she tossed it back to me. I was surprised, to say the least.

"Why did you. . ?" she shrugged and sat, the Nadder laying beside her. She let out a whistle when she saw Toothless, before gesturing for me to sit. I sat down and leaned against Toothless, slipping my knife back onto my belt.

"So, why did you give me my knife back?" I ask again. Spitting on the blade of her dagger, she starts rubbing it clean of the dried blood. Shrugging, she began to hum a small tune, that seemed vaguely familiar.

"That's a nice looking dragon. I don't think I've ever seen one with that coloration before." I comment. Glancing up, a ghost of a smile came to her face, before dropping once more.

"So, what brings you here?" I try again. Alarm flashed in her eyes, then she shrugged again. Her gaze lands on Toothless, and she lets out a low warbling sound. Toothless warbles back. They begin a series of growls, warbles, trills, whines, and snarls. I have no clue what's going on, so when they finally stop, I take the opportunity.

"What is going on?" I ask. Toothless nudged me, giving another warble.

"He says your trustworthy. We kin, I believe him." she replied gruffly.

"So you can talk!" I exclaim. IT's the most, well, only words she's spoken the entire time. She snarls, her teeth bared. I guess it was supposed to be intimidating.

"My name is Hiccup, what is yours?" she freezes, looking back at me. Her gaze feels, no, is searching, as if trying to recognize an old friend from a long distance. Muttering something under her breath, she walks over to me. But upon getting within 5 feet of me, she stops again.

"My name is Embla Drako. This is Cloudwing." her voice was soft, as she pointed to her Nadder and herself.

"This is Toothless. Would you reconsider coming to the village? We can help." I ask. Shrugging, she sat down.

"Why don't you tell me why a skinny 'Viking' boy with a dragon is doing offering to take me to a village?" she asks.

"Err, right. I live here, over in the village. One night, during a raid, I shot down Toothless. No one believed me, though. I found him the next day, I was going to kill him, but when I looked into his eyes, I saw myself." Embla snorted, but gestured for me to continue.

"So I cut him free. It seemed like he was going to kill me, but he didn't. He ran off to this very cove. I found him a few days later. He was trying to escape, but one of his tail fins was gone. I designed a replacement, a saddle, and rigged up a way for him to fly. But he can't without me. He showed me the Red Death; a huge dragon capable of eating a Gronckle in one mouthful."

"What's a Gronckle?" she cut in.

"A Gronckle is a really big dragon, that has tiny wings and eats boulders." I explained.

"Ah, a Rockfly." her expression changed to horror.

"Yes, well, this was over a course of several weeks, learning to fly with Toothless, and during that time, I had dragon training. My dad was on a quest to the nest, where the Red Death was, so he didn't know what I was doing. I used what I learned with him in the ring. After trying to show everyone that dragons are good,-"

"And utterly failing?" she guessed. I sent a glare her way.

"Well, yes. The chief found out how only dragons can find the island. He wouldn't listen to me when I tried to tell him about the Red Death. He took Toothless with him, and with the other teens who had been in training, we took some dragons and went after them. I freed Toothless, with help from dad. Toothless and I fought the Red Death. In the end, we killed it. That's how I got this." I patted my peg-leg.

"That's how peace was made with the dragons here on Berk." I finished. She didn't comment. She was looking towards the sky. I couldn't see what she was looking at.

"So, why are you here?" I ask. Her gaze snaps towards me. With a sigh-like hiss, she starts.

"I. . .I've always loved the dragons. When they raided the village, even though they took food, I loved them. They were so fast, so strong, and they could fly! One day, I went to this cave, you have to climb really high, and the one entrance was really small. I was only one who could fit. I found Cloudwing there, injured and hurt. I gave her my lunch, and she didn't kill me.

"We became good friends. She came in through this large hole in the roof of the cave. She was always there, waiting for me. She could leave whenever she wanted, but she didn't. I had thought about telling others, but they always ranted on about destroying every last dragon there ever was. So I planned an left. I packed some things, turned myself into a living shadow, and left."

"I can understand that. I was going to leave myself until Astrid, one of the girls in training, found me in the cove. Toothless and I took her for a flight, and she fell in love with it. We discovered the dragons nest, where the Red Death was."

"Once you have tasted flight, you'll always long to return to it." she said with a sigh. Toothless warbled to her. She warbled back. If I hadn't known better, I would've sworn he had warbled twice.

"I take it you've been around other Night Furies?" shrugging she peers back up at the sky.

"Well, have you? There were reports of a Nadder and a Night Fury disturbing the sheep last night." I explain.

"So? Did they steal anything?" she asks. I shake my head no.

"Well, then why would it be a problem. A, a Nadder and a, a Night

Fury flying around. What's the big deal?" she asks.

"Do you not know the names of the dragons?" Embla gives me a strange look.

"Why wouldn't I? You have your names, I have mine. Each name is descriptive, and tells you a little about the dragon, so you can recognize it even if you haven't seen it." she says it so matter-of-factly that I feel somewhat reprimanded.

"I, I see your point. Do you think you could come to the village to get your leg looked at? It seems to be a bad cut." I ask. Fresh blood is seeping through the fabric. Cloudwing squawks, giving her a light nudge before whining. Embla whines too, and Cloudwing growls. Her shoulders slump and she turns towards me.

"There was no scent of dragon or human blood last night, Toothless says your trustworthy, and Cloudwing insists. I suppose I'll go with you to your village." she sighs. A glint comes into her eyes, a mischievous one. Uh oh.

"But first, how about a little riddle? How does one learn to fly?" she asks, and she actually smiles. More like she grins, but whatever.

"Um, through trial error, and practice." I guess. She winks.

"Nope! Close, but not it! Think! This is an easy one." I rack my brain, trying to think. What is flying? It's soaring through the air, high above the ground. . .

"Is it learning to stay in the air?" I try. She laughs, grinning broadly.

"Nope! But that was very, very close, so I'll give it to you. Don't tell anyone else, though. I want to try it out on more people than one. The answer is. . ."

* * *

><p>CLIFFHANGER! Please say in your review what you think the answer is, and whoever guesses right can say what happens next in chapter 4 or 5. I would like to thank 'The Myth Rider' for letting me use the alternate dragon names shehe came up with. They'll be a whole lot more of it, though, just you wait. Please review!**

End
file.